

1½d.

# Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

Charming  
Christmas  
Presents.  
(See page II.)

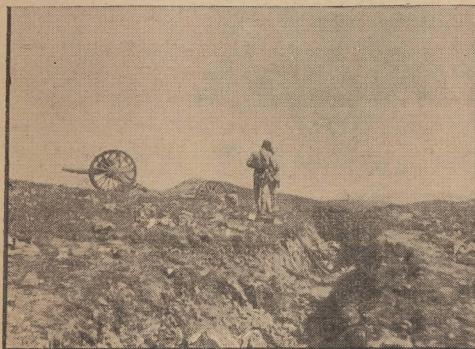
## PORT ARTHUR'S LAST RALLY.



General Nogi, who is in command of the Third Japanese Army, now making the supreme assault on Port Arthur.



General Nogi and his staff holding a council of war in the open before Port Arthur.



Japanese soldiers, with some of the Russian guns which they captured on the hills surrounding Port Arthur.—(T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.)

## THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.



Mr. Roosevelt, the President of the United States, with Mrs. Roosevelt and family. In the top corner is a portrait of Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate at the Presidential election.

## BALTIC OUTRAGE INQUIRY.



Admiral Kaznakoff, who has been nominated as Russia's delegate in the North Sea outrage inquiry.

## RISEN FROM THE RANKS.



Captain T. J. Kearns, who has just been elected as City Marshal. Captain Kearns was born in the Army, and has risen from the ranks.—(Vandyk.)

## JAPANESE REINFORCEMENT AT PORT ARTHUR.



A detachment of Japanese marching to the heights before Port Arthur to reinforce the besieging troops.—("Collier's Weekly.")



**"NO QUARTER."**

Vivid Story of the Horrors of Port Arthur.

**ORGIE OF BLOODSHED.**

Desperate Expedients Used on Both Sides.

**FIERCE BAYONET FIGHTING.**

Series of Hand-to-Hand Combats on a Ridge.

The condition of Port Arthur has become yet more desperate.

General Stoessel, the gallant defender of the fortress, has been wounded, all the warships in the harbour have been sunk save one, and the forts in the east and north-west have been abandoned.

The shrunken garrison is now making its last despairing stand in Liao-tian-shan and the Tiger's Tail peninsula.

How desperately the battle for possession of the stronghold has been fought is related in the deeply interesting narrative of Reuter's correspondent with the Third Japanese Army.

A continuation of his graphic narrative, just received, brings the history of the siege up to October 27.

After the failure of the general assault made near the end of August, the besiegers settled down to the work of sapping and making parallels.

**NO QUARTER.**

The siege operations continued from August 25 to September 18. The Russians made sorties and attacked the working parties almost every night, while the guns bombarded them daily.

Quarter was neither asked for nor given, and the fiercest antagonists displayed, even stretcher bearers being killed. The origin of this disregard of non-combatants was the Russian allegation that the forts were bombarded while a messenger under a white flag was delivering the Emperor's message on August 16.

The mutual animosity increased after that incident, and in the desperate battles fought afterwards no flags were recognised.

Many devices have been tried by the Japanese to recover their wounded from the fire zone. When possible volunteers crawl from the trenches at night, and working along on their stomachs, pull the wounded man slowly by the heels to cover. Many of the wounded, however, cannot be recovered.

There are always plenty of volunteers for desperate services, such as cutting entanglements, recovering wounded, and leading storming parties, and innumerable deeds of bravery have been performed.

**FEIGNING DEATH.**

The heavy casualties among the pioneers engaged in cutting the wire entanglements has resulted in the invention of a number of ingenious devices for their protection. At first wooden shields faced with iron were tried as a defence against bullets, but proved a failure.

Then the pioneers were sent out with ropes which they fastened to the poles supporting the entanglements. This method was satisfactory till the enemy took to bracing the poles with wires.

In other cases the pioneers would advance and fall close to the entanglements as if killed. They would remain motionless until the attention of the Russians was withdrawn, and then cut the wires with long shears. The result of this expedient was that the Russians made certain that all who fell near entanglements were dead.

Then bamboo poles, with charges of powder fastened to them, were carried under the entanglements and exploded with destructive effect. The latest expedient is a steel shield slung from the shoulders of the pioneer covering the face and body, and with a slit in the bottom through which the shears are used.

**EVERY MAN FELL.**

On October 20 the Japanese made a furious assault upon a position called 200 Metre Hill, but were repulsed with terrible loss.

The bombardment began at dawn on the 20th. All the guns were trained on the fort-hill and the ridge were an inferno of bursting shells. At eleven o'clock a small party of the 2nd Regiment rushed forward to gain the foot of the west slopes of the fort hills.

The enemy's batteries were evidently reserving their fire, for the most wonderful sharpshooter belched forth. Everyone fell, though out of rifle range. The shrapneling continued for ten minutes after all the men had fallen dead or wounded.

During the night several companies extended along the slopes under cover of the brow of the ridge, and with a rush carried the trench-line and

Variable light breezes; fair, but foggy) To-Day's Weather (Lighting-up time, 5.23 p.m.; Sunday, 5.22. or cloudy; normal temperature.) Sea passages smooth generally.

the crest. The last rush was a splendid spectacle, ending in a series of bayonet fights full on the sky-line. Stones, bayonets, and grenades were used on both sides, and the utmost ferocity was displayed.

The unsuccessful assault resulted in 2,000 casualties.

**17-TON SIEGE GUNS.**

Every inch the Japanese have now gained has been won by laborious sapping against the determined opposition of the enemy, who fought with tremendous earnestness, making sorties every night against the Sappers.

Still heavier pieces were needed to reduce the fire of the forts, and a battery of 11-inch howitzers arrived on September 14. They were found to be wonderfully effective, and their number has been increased. The way in which these 17-ton guns are moved for miles over bad roads is marvelous.

The first battery of these 11-inch howitzers opened fire on October 1 against the Erh-lung and Keekwan forts with great effect. On the next day fire was directed against the battleship Pobieda in the harbour. The fifth shot pierced her forward deck, sending up huge columns of smoke and leaving a gaping rent.

They had such an effect on the warships in the harbour that the Russians resorted to placing the hospital ship in the direct line of fire. On the 13th West Erh-lung was damaged by howitzers. The battleship Peresvet was struck by several shells and caught fire. Golden Hill Fort was also greatly damaged.

**WHAT DOES IT PORTEND?**

Battleships' Hurried Departure From Gibraltar.

GIBRALTAR, Friday Evening.—The Victoria and Magnificent have just received orders to proceed to sea, and it is believed their destination is Tangier.

The men at liberty on shore are hurriedly going on board, as the former vessel has fired a recall gun.

The Illustrious and Jupiter have also been ordered to proceed to sea, and two other ships have been told to stand by.

It is stated here that the Russians have returned to Tangier.

To this Exchange telegram Reuter's correspondent adds that it is believed the battleships will proceed westward.

The Russian fleet passed Gibraltar early yesterday morning, sailing eastward, under the escort of a British torpedo squadron.

Two destroyers from the Russian torpedo fleet also left Algiers yesterday.

**TORPEDO-BOATS ACTIVE IN THE CHANNEL.**

The Morocco liner Zweena, on arriving at Dartmouth, yesterday, from London, reported that she was carefully examined at midnight in the Channel by several torpedo-boats, the nationality of which was not discernible. They steamed round and round her.

**COAL FOR RUSSIA.**

Must Not Be Supplied from British-owned Vessels.

It is not permissible for British owners to charter vessels for the purpose of supplying Russian ships with coal.

The question was put to Lord Lansdowne by Messrs. Woods, Taylor, and Brown, and elicited the following reply:—

Foreign Office, Nov. 3, 1804.

Gentlemen.—I am directed by the Marquis of Lansdowne to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 25th ult., in which you inquire "whether it is permissible for British ship-owners to charter their boats for such purposes as following the Russian Fleet with coal supplies."

I am to inform you in reply that it is not permissible for British owners to charter their vessels for such a purpose.

(Signed) F. A. CAMPBELL.

**THE KING AS SCHOOL EXAMINER.**

Although the King is suffering from a slight cold, his Majesty yesterday drove in an open carriage with his agent, Mr. Frank Beck, to various parts of his estate at Sandringham.

In the afternoon the King paid a surprise visit to the Dersingham Schools, where he displayed much interest in examining scholars in their reading and writing exercises, and also looked over several of their books.

**SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S VICTORY.**

The general election returns show that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Government have secured 134 seats, while the Conservatives have obtained 73 seats. There are still six elections undecided. The Government majority in the next House of Commons will probably be sixty-five, an increase of twelve.—Reuter.

**MR. BALFOUR BETTER.**

Prime Minister Receives Many Visitors at 10, Downing-street.

"Mr. Balfour is progressing most satisfactorily" was the concise bulletin issued yesterday morning.

During the day the Prime Minister received quite a number of visitors at his official residence in Downing-street.

Among them were Lord Lansdowne, Lord Selborne, Sir Robert Finlay, and Sir John Fisher, who conferred with him upon the present international complication.

There is still hope that Mr. Balfour's recovery will be sufficiently rapid to enable him to keep his engagements to speak at the majority dinner of the Primrose League and at Glasgow.

The visit paid by Dr. Venning, his medical adviser, was yesterday a very short one.

**OUTRAGE COMMISSION**

Will Sit in Paris to Sift Evidence of the Outrage.

It is understood, says Reuter, that a complete agreement has been established between Great Britain and Russia regarding the composition and procedure of the Inquiry Commission which will investigate the North Sea incident.

The Commission will hold its sittings at Paris.

With regard to the theory that the Russians fired on one of their own ships, the Exchange Telegraph Company circulates an interesting telegram from Copenhagen. It is there asserted that the statement reported in "Le Temps" to have been made by Captain Clado that a Russian torpedo-boat had been damaged in Danish waters and towed thence to Libau is incorrect.

The Baltic Fleet passed through the narrow waters of Denmark without accident.

**DISPOSSESSED.**

Lord Rosebery Offers Shelter to Evicted Scotch Ministers.

At Edinburgh, yesterday, the Free Church of Scotland, under the recent judgment of the House of Lords, entered into possession of the assembly hall, colleges, and offices.

The officials of the new owners went over the buildings, and the janitor, who has been in residence for a long time, was ordered out.

Lord Rosebery has, however, speedily come to the assistance of the dispossessed United Free Church, for at a meeting of the committee, yesterday, it was announced that his Lordship had offered them the use of Lady Stair's house, which almost adjoins the Assembly Hall.

At present the house is not in use, and the committee decided to accept Lord Rosebery's offer.

Actual work of the Free Church College was commenced yesterday in the former United Free Church College, but there were only eight students, half of whom hail from Ireland.

**IN NAPOLEON'S DEATH-PLACE.**

Mysterious Tragedy Disturbs the Peace of St. Helena.

The lonely island of St. Helena, where the great Napoleon died in exile, has been the scene of a mysterious tragedy, which has produced a painful impression among the peaceful inhabitants.

As reported by Reuter, a signalman at Prospect Bay, named Robert Gunnell, was found lying dead at his isolated station, on the east of the island, with a wound at the back of his head, evidently inflicted by a fowling-piece.

Two men have been arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder.

It is very many years since a tragedy happened on the peaceful island in the Atlantic, and the islanders are greatly shocked by the occurrence.

**INSURGENTS IN BRITISH TERRITORY.**

BERLIN, Friday.—According to advices from Cape Town the British Resident Commissioner at Mafeking has reported that 400 Hereros, "most of them unarmed, have crossed the frontier into the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

Steps have already been taken to disarm those possessing arms.—Reuter.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

**"STANDARD" SOLD.**

Mr. Chamberlain's Chief Unionist Opponent Bought Up.

PRICE, £700,000.

"Sairey Gamp's" History and Future.

It was announced last night that the "Standard" newspaper had been sold to Mr. C. A. Pearson for £700,000.

Sale of the "Standard"!

The news came upon old-fashioned people last night like a thunderbolt. The sale of the Bank of England could hardly have astonished them more.

For as many years as anyone can remember the "Standard" has stood four-square to all the winds of changing opinion, the organ of high-and-dry Conservatism, an emblem of permanence, a rock amid the uneasy waters of modern political thought.

"No alterations," said a semi-official statement issued last night, "are contemplated in the price, appearance, or general tone of the paper."

Nevertheless, the man in the street accepted as settled at once the fact that the "Standard" would in future support, as its new proprietor does, the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, which it has hitherto so vehemently denounced.

**NOT BOUGHT FOR THE LEAGUE.**

Indeed, it was stated at first that the paper had been bought for the Tariff Reform League.

On this point, however, we learn that—

"The statement cabled from America yesterday that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is acting for the Tariff Reform League is untrue. The transaction is a purely business one, in which Mr. Pearson is acting for himself alone, and neither the Tariff Reform League nor any other body or association has anything to do with it."

Whether the "Standard" advocates tariff reform to-morrow or next year the change in policy will doubtless come before long. We understand that as soon as the purchase was completed a letter was dispatched to Mr. Chamberlain, who will doubtless promptly offer his congratulations and best wishes to his friend and supporter.

**BLOW TO THE FREE-FOODERS.**

What will the Duke of Devonshire and all the anti-Chamberlain Conservatives do without an organ in the Press? At a stroke they have been deprived of their most powerful ally.

It has been common talk for some time past that the proprietors were open to offers. The profits have declined very much of late years, more particularly since the paper began to take the anti-Chamberlain line; and the two young men who own it were known to be more interested in sport than in journalism.

Now, under its new management, the "Standard" bids fair to regain all its old influence and to take its place once more in the van of journalism. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proprietor of the "Daily Express" and many other journals, will no doubt superintend the task of re-organisation. Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League are to be warmly congratulated on acquiring so valuable a recruit.

**HISTORY OF THE "STANDARD."**

Late Lord Salisbury and Poet Laureate Among its Contributors.

The "Standard" came into existence in 1827, nine years after the birth of Queen Victoria. It started its career as an evening paper by the Tory interest, the first editor being Stanley Lees Gifford, father of the first Earl of Halsbury. Its success was immediate, and in three years showed a substantial pecuniary profit.

But the palmy days of the paper began in 1851, when Mr. James Johnstone became the proprietor. He, realising that he had a big opportunity, brought out the "Standard" as a morning paper in 1857.

Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards illustrious as the Marquis of Salisbury, was one of the many notable contributors at this period.

**"PUNCH'S" FAMOUS GIBE.**

It was in 1876 that Mr. William H. Muddford, who was destined to raise the "Standard" to an even higher position, became the editor.

The relations between the paper and the Tory Party continued to be intimate, but Mr. Muddford's editorship was marked by a sturdy independence that no longer justified "Punch's" famous gibe of depicting the "Standard" as Sairey Gamp, an old woman who followed Disraeli along the street.

## POISON-PROOF MAN.

None the Worse for Eating Strychnine.

## DRINKS DEADLY DRUGS.

Remarkable Offer to Readers of the "Daily Mirror."

In a room in the Queen's Hotel, Leicester-square, last evening, an American gentleman astonished a company of medical men by partaking of selected poisons without suffering any inconvenience.

A small table was daintily spread with hors d'oeuvres and assorted specimens of drugs which kill in minute doses. Round this feast stood the doctors, none of whom would join the demonstrator in what he called an American mixed drink, compounded of copperas, blue vitriol, strychnine, and phosphorus.

The demonstrator, named Captain Vetrico, smiled calmly upon his audience, and before embarking upon his feast of poisons gave a sort of lecture upon his poison-eating proclivities.

## None the Worse for Arsenic.

Twelve years ago he formed one of a number of people in New York City who suffered through eating bread which contained arsenic by accident. One died, all were very ill, only Captain Vetrico suffered no ill effects. This significant fact led him to try other poisons, and he found that, except in the case of corrosive acids, he was invulnerable.

He made a tour of the medical schools of America, absorbing poisons under the most stringent conditions in quantities which would kill the ordinary man. He has been the joy of toxicologists of that continent, and medical students have gloated over him in their myriads.

After these few remarks Captain Vetrico toasted his guests in Paris green. He then turned to strychnine, and drank over a grain, dashed down in water.

## Big Bite of Phosphorus.

After that he took a solid bite of four and a half grains of phosphorus. Beyond a somewhat careworn expression, the tall, well-groomed captain betrayed no uneasiness.

The medical men carefully examined the poisons and expressed their wonder at the display. When the captain switched off the electric light and showed his mouth illuminated with phosphorus a gasp of surprise went round the party.

As a proof of his bona fides he offered to submit to the following conditions before a committee of *Daily Mirror* readers:—

He agrees to form one of a party and to go with a selected medical man into any druggist's; there to order any poisons, except acids, and to swallow them in outrageously fatal doses in the presence of the party.

## PIRATES OF THE HUMBER.

Hull Youths' Holiday Cruise in a Stolen Yacht.

There is a smack of adventure about the story of three young men of Hull, named Ernest Titches, Edward Branton, and John Smith, who have been cruising on the Humber and at the mouths of the Trent and Ouse in a yacht that did not belong to them.

On October 18 they managed to get away with the yacht from its moorings, and having a slight knowledge of seafaring life they eluded capture.

Two or three days later one of the shrimp-boats, named Mystic, at the mouth of the Ouse, was the scene of a robbery, which led to their undoing. The owner of the shrimping boat went ashore, while the three young men in their yacht watched his movements.

As soon as he was safely out of sight they drew their yacht alongside the shrimping boat and stole seven sovereigns, silver watch and chain, breech-loading gun, suit of clothes, apple tart, plum loaf, telescope, etc., to the value of £13 5s.

At the mouth of the Trent they boarded another small vessel, called the Seven Brothers. They were seen to go ashore and were quickly arrested.

At Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, they were brought before the magistrates and committed to the assizes.

## £500 IN A BLOCK OF STONE.

Mr. Streeter, the Bond-street jeweller, showed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday a remarkable black opal worth more than £500, which a week ago anybody could have had for half a crown.

A block of sandstone, apparently worthless, was found among his huge collection of rough stones.

"In an idle moment," says Mr. Streeter, "I asked my man to break it up with a hammer. When the stone was cleaved it revealed a great mass of black opal."

"I have sold one piece for £10, and these other fragments are worth at least £500."

## DUKE AND MARKSMANSHIP. SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

## Rifle Shooting as a Cheap Winter Pastime.

The Duke of Norfolk's call to patriotic Englishmen to equip themselves for military emergencies in these days of feverish excitement and uncertainty is a well-timed appeal.

In an interesting letter to the "Times," the Grand Hereditary Marshal emphasises the supreme importance of rifle-shooting as a winter evening pursuit.

"It should," he says, "be made the greatest of national games, played with vigour and strict attention to rules that make for excellence in the practice of other games."

Some three years ago the Duke was instrumental in forming a Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs.

"At the present time," said an official at the Society's offices to the *Daily Mirror* representative, "there are over 200 rifle clubs in the metropolis and many parts of England and Wales which have been affiliated to the society."

The society has carried out with much approval two considerable meetings for miniature rifle shooting, one last year at the Crystal Palace and the other (in conjunction with the National Rifle Association) this year at Olympia.

## TAUGHT WHILE TRAVELLING.

## 250 American Boys Visiting England in a Sailing Ship.

Travel has always been recognised as a means of liberal education to those who can afford to indulge it. It is largely in this spirit that well-to-do parents send their children to the Continent.

But it has been left to America to devise an ocean curriculum for boys. Early in October 250 American lads left their homes in a full-rigged sailing-ship, the "Young America." They are due in the Firth within a few days, and will afterwards come round to the Thames.

Thereafter the boys will sail for Christiania, Copenhagen, and Gibraltar, returning by way of the West Indies and reaching New York eleven months hence.

In the second year they go to Lisbon, Venice, Constantinople, Bombay, the Cape, Japan, and land at San Francisco. Each year the boys will visit fresh scenes.

During the annual trips they will be at school on the vessel, pursuing their lessons as other boys do on land. The officer in command of this scholastic expedition belongs to the U.S. Navy.

## RECORD FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

## 500 Tons of Fireworks to Celebrate the Gunpowder Treason.

To-day is the "5th of November," and it will be observed, say the experts, in time-honoured fashion.

"We have sold one hundred tons more fireworks than ever before," said Mr. Pain, the great dealer in such things.

"Something like 40,000 boxes of assorted fireworks have been sold in London and the suburbs alone.

The reason for the boom is simple. With the relief of Ladysmith and Mafeking, and the Coronation, it has for the last few years been nothing but fireworks all the time, so that the "5th" has suffered.

"This year Guy Fawkes' Day has a fair chance. People have also bought largely in expectation of the fall of Port Arthur."

"I should put the tonnage of fireworks sold for to-morrow at about 500."

## EXCITING LANCASHIRE STRIKE.

Tempestuous scenes are witnessed daily in connection with the twiners and piercers' strike at the Albion Mill, Mossley, a small town on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The importation of non-unionist labour has inflamed the passions of the people, and when the non-unionists leave off work they are confronted by a threatening crowd, which hoots and yells as it accompanies them home.

Yesterday hostile demonstrations occurred at noon when the non-unionists left for dinner and again when the mill closed.

## LOST £4,000 ON BETTING.

A jeweller's auctioneer named Simon Henry Brooks, at his public examination in the Preston Bankruptcy Court, yesterday, said he had lost £4,000 on horse racing during the past six years. He also admitted pawning goods amounting to £2,500.

Brooks, who was formerly a town councillor at Cardiff, and had shops in Cardiff, Bradford, Leeds, and Glasgow, once had a turnover of £12,000. He returned his liabilities at £4,078 and his assets nil.

The examination was adjourned.

## "Marriage Handicap" Philosopher About to Marry.

Mr. Cloudeley Breton, the famous misogynist, is engaged to be married.

It was Mr. Breton who inaugurated the famous discussion on "The Marriage Handicap."

As recently as September 17 he wrote a letter to the "Times," in which he fiercely attacked the marriage as an institution. The following extracts give some idea of the character of the letter:—

"The ever-growing handicap of marriage will constitute a very real peril to the existing order of things in every sphere of life, social, political, or religious.

"The modern married woman, in her ever-growing demand on her husband's time, energy, and money, constitutes a very serious drag on his professional success.

"If her husband be a weak man her glosses on the truth may act as a temporary soothing syrup to the cravings of vanity and snobbery.

"In the long run the result is disastrous, the husband being seriously overworked to find the wherewithal for his wife's superfluous fancies and frivolities."

And now comes the announcement:—

"The engagement is announced of Mr. Cloudeley Breton, eldest son of Mrs. Breton, of Birmingham House, to Maud Adelaide Horobin, widow of the late Principal Horobin, M.A., Homerton College, Cambridge. The wedding will take place on Saturday, November 12, at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge."

## SIGNOR CARUSO'S INCOME TAX.

## Revenue Officials Demand £128 with Threats of Arrest.

Mysteriously, resolutely, and not always politely, the emissaries of Somerset House are at present swooping down upon the income-taxpayer with threats to his debit.

These collectors are no respecters of persons, as Signor Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, can testify from unpleasant experience.

While leaving the Hotel Cecil for Covent Garden Opera House the famous singer was stopped by two men who unceremoniously demanded £128 for income-tax owing since 1892.

The only alternative to paying was immediate removal to an uncongenial abode in Brixton on a charge not of "debt," but "contempt of court," as it is called now.

In Signor Caruso's case the conduct of the officials seemed harsh, by reason of the fact that the celebrated tenor was almost stunned by their rigorous attitude in his inability to comprehend their meaning.

The incident illustrates the severe measures being resorted to at present all over the country for the gathering of income-tax.

## LADY WARWICK AND THE POOR.

## 10,000 Garments To Be Distributed Among Charitable Institutions.

Walthamstow public swimming-bath was yesterday board over, and the hall so formed was filled with 10,000 garments for the poor, displayed upon three long tables.

The occasion was the annual distribution of the Essex Needlework Guild, of which the Countess of Warwick is president. Lady Warwick presided.

During the afternoon there were one or two curious little misunderstandings. Reading that it was a "distribution," and that the public were admitted free, several poor women came expecting to have their choice of warm and comfortable garments.

When it was pointed out to them that the things were merely being sorted in order to be dispatched to various charitable institutions and parishes they were grievously disappointed.

The garments were made by the vice-presidents and their friends. Each vice-president is entitled to one vote for any charity for every thirty things she sends, and the favoured parishes and charities to receive garments are determined in this way.

Two garments were knitted and sent by the Princess of Wales.

## STRANGE FOOD FOR A CHILD.

A young married woman named Alice Starr, living at New Wandsworth, was stated at the South-Western Police Court yesterday to have given way hopelessly to drink, and to have been found feeding her fifteen-months-old child on such things as pickled onions, cold potatoes, and bananas. The latter, she said, had been recommended by a doctor.

"It's like a monkey trying its hand at nursing," the magistrate commented, and, in order that she might be sent to an inebriates' home, committed the woman for trial for neglecting her child.

## ARMY DRILL-GROUND.

Great Scheme for Training on SUSSEX DOWNS.

## AREA OF 30,000 ACRES.

One army reform succeeds another in the great task of bringing the land forces up to the standard of military efficiency. Now the Army Council is about to embark upon a really great scheme of the utmost utility.

It is proposed to secure rights over a large area of land in Sussex for the purpose of an army training-ground in connection with Lord Methuen's Eastern Command. There is the best reason, says the "Sussex Daily News," for believing that it rests with Sussex landowners to decide whether the county will be made the scene of a great army exercise-ground. Lord Methuen is expected to meet the landlords in conference early next week.

At present there are practically no obstacles on the south coast in front of an enemy that might land between Portsmouth and Dover. Yet the shortest route to the British capital is from any part of the south coast between Worthing and the Cuckmere. In any schemes for the invasion of England, Sussex must loom largely in the plans of the enemy.

## STRONG DEFENSIVE POSITION.

If the new Army Council finds it possible to carry out its wishes, there will presently be a large exercising field for all branches of the Army between the Cuckmere and Brighton, extending from the sea-coast, in triangular form, up the Cuckmere valley on one side and eastward of Brighton on the other to the main London road between Patcham and Clayton, ensuring thorough familiarity by our own Army with every acre of land and every position.

It is an important scheme, of inestimable value in defence work.

For the right of manœuvring over the land the authorities propose to pay to the landlords a shilling per acre per year, and for any damage done by troops on the land actually used there would be compensation in full direct to the tenants, who, in the event of their being dissatisfied with the amount awarded by the compensation officer, would have the right of appeal to arbitration.

Some progress has already been made with a view to early adoption of the training scheme. The staff officer who has been making preliminary investigations on behalf of Lord Methuen has, it is believed, been able to report that the project has been very favourably received by the landlords as a whole.

Approximately, the area involved amounts to 30,000 acres.

## COLLARS FOR CATS.

## WHAT JUDGE EMDEN'S ORDER MAY MEAN FOR FELINE PETS.

Lovers of cats are alarmed at Judge Emden's judgment that they must keep their pets under control and be responsible for their good behaviour.

"Life will not be worth living—except for cats," said an able and eminent lawyer, who endeavoured yesterday to grapple with the problem for the *Daily Mirror*.

"If Judge Emden's law is sound there will no doubt be a license for cats, and collars for them, and chains, and harness, and what not.

"Old ladies will take them out for walks and they will be taught to follow when young, and answer a whistle like a good dog."

"Your cats will cost you more, though you may not keep so many pets."

## CRUSADE AGAINST SHAM CIGARS.

The Excise officials have for the last few days been rigorously enforcing the law among tobacconists, which makes the display of imitation cigars illegal.

The showing of a large wooden cigar painted to resemble rolled tobacco leaf is a breach of the law, and even chocolate "cigars" and imitations used by conjurers are technical offences.

Retail tobacconists think it a great hardship that they are not able to replace perishable cigars with imitation articles in their shop windows.

## FIFTY YEARS A MAP-MAKER.

Mr. Edward Stanford, the great map-maker, died at his Sidmouth residence yesterday after a prolonged illness.

Mr. Stanford, on first establishing his firm at Charing Cross fifty years ago, brought out a scientific series of school maps. From Charing Cross the business removed to Cockspur-street and a head office opened in Long Acre.

## GREEN PEAS IN NOVEMBER.

As proof of the mildness of the season, there can be seen growing on Tangier Island, Eton, a splendid lot of green peas, the pods being large, firm, and full.

A dish of the peas was on view at the Windsor Chrysanthemum Show yesterday.



## NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

H.M. first-class cruiser Hawke has been ordered to be commissioned for active service from the Medway Steam Reserve.

H.M. torpedo gunboat Sheldrake was dispatched from Sheerness to Chatham yesterday with orders to pay off. Her crew will be transferred to the Gossamer.

By a fall down a lift the height of four floors, a man named Plimmer was killed yesterday at Messrs. Darling's, printers, Bethnal Green. He leaves a wife and seven children.

## COLLEGES WITHOUT STUDENTS.

Through the absurd position created in Scotland between the rival churches, there are now three divinity colleges at the disposal of the "Wee Kirk," but only eight students.

New College, Edinburgh, now houses all the eight, and the colleges at Aberdeen and Glasgow are tenancies.

## ALDERSHOT LECTURES.

Major-General Page will preside on Tuesday next at the opening of the winter season of lectures of the Aldershot Military Society at Prince Consort's Library.

Colonel Bird, chief instructor at the School of Musketry, Hythe, will lecture on rifle calibre and machine-gun tactics.

## COMPANY ON CHRISTIAN LINES.

Under the title of "The Papuan Industries, Limited," a Christian trading company has been formed, as stated in the prospectus, for an "investment of capital on Christian lines."

The idea of the promoters, who include Mr. Lever and Mr. Cadbury, is to help the natives of New Guinea towards prosperity and religious life.

## CROWN WINDFALLS.

During the year 1903 it is shown by a Government return that the Crown only benefited to the extent of £37,510 by the receipt of the estates of persons dying intestate.

During the same period £13,612 was paid to claimants who established their right as heirs to estates held by the Crown.

## PRISON FOR QUIETUDE.

Considerable surprise was evinced by the Wolverhampton magistrates at the remand of William Rycroft, who had been sentenced to "six weeks' imprisonment for assaulting his wife."

Before leaving the dock he impressively thanked the magistrates for deciding not to fine him, and he went cheerfully to prison, as he would there have a few weeks' peace and quietness.

## THE KING'S PREROGATIVE.

Speaking at a dinner given by the Mayor of Greenwich, Lord Hugh Cecil said London was the centre of government mainly because the King thought fit to summon Parliament to Westminster.

The King might summon Parliament to meet wherever he chose, and it would be really interesting if he did so. In Charles the Second's reign Parliament met at Oxford, and at earlier times in other places.

## "THAT EXTRAORDINARY ANIMAL."

The Rev. G. I. Swinerton, vicar of St. Luke's Kingston, writes as follows in his parish magazine: "If anyone has a right to be that extraordinary animal, a passive resister, it is the long-suffering Churchman. We are the landlords of the schools; the educational authorities are the tenants; and the tenants in this case order the landlords to execute the improvements. We want £300 for the purpose."

## PAUPERS' FIRE BRIGADE.

The assistant master of the Constance-road Workhouse, Camberwell, has formed some twelve of the inmates into a fire brigade for the protection of the building.

The men are being put through a course of fire drill and discipline based on that of the London Fire Brigade.

The workhouse has also been placed in electrical communication with the nearest fire stations.

## LIVERPOOL'S LONG SPEECHES.

By a large majority the Liverpool City Council have rejected a proposal to curtail the length of members' speeches.

It was pointed out that ten-minute sand-glasses had been introduced with great success in the Glasgow Town Council.

To this Mr. Taggart retorted that five minutes was long enough for any Scotsman, but in Liverpool they wanted a longer time to express their views.

## BEQUEST FOR MASSSES VOID.

In the Chancery Division in Dublin an important point has been decided concerning the bequests of Roman Catholics.

In a case arising out of the administration of the estate of Mr. Michael Keogh, the Master of the Rolls held that gifts for masses were valid only when directed to be said in public as part of public worship.

As the testator had left instructions for the masses to be celebrated separately, and specially for the repose of the souls of himself and other relatives, his bequests were declared void.

For the third International Poultry Show at the Palace, on November 8, 9, and 10, there are 4,625 entries.

In the absence of Lord Rothschild, through an attack of sciatica, Lord Cotesloe unveiled the Buckinghamshire war memorial at Wendover.

Supposed mutilation of the tails of young cattle at Wexford has been found to be caused by the animals themselves chewing the ends of each other's tails.

The estate of Sir Augustus F. W. K. Stephen, K.C.B., late Public Prosecutor and Solicitor to the Treasury, who died on September 26, is sworn at £31,856 by his widow and sons.

## PEMMICAN FREE.

Yesterday afternoon, at the Bruton Galleries, Bruton-street, an exhibition of water-colours, drawings, photographs, and articles of interest brought from the Polar regions by Captain Scott and the officers of the Discovery Antarctic Expedition was opened.

The ceremony was performed by Sir Clements Markham, who said the exhibition would enable people to realise better than anything else the extraordinary hardships and perils which were encountered by our gallant countrymen in the Antarctic regions, and would also show them the magnificent scenery in the midst of which they achieved such great results.

Visitors would be able to see the methods by which the journeys were made, the sleighs, the cooking apparatus, the food, and everything else which the members of the expedition took with them, and any of those who wished to do so could have a small piece of pemmican.

## ENGLISH V. FRENCH CRUISERS.

Orders have been given for the armoured cruiser Shannon to be built at Chatham Dockyard, the Minotaur at Devonport, and either the Defence or the Orion at Pembroke.

These new ships, designed by Mr. Philip Watts, have a displacement of 14,600 tons and steam 23 knots with engines of 27,000 h.p., and their armament is four 2.2 and ten 7.5-inch guns besides smaller weapons and torpedo tubes.

A new French cruiser, the Edgard Quinet, only 300 tons smaller, flies a broadside of but 1,440 h.p., against our 2,520, and steams 24 knots with 40,000 h.p. engines, but has six-inch armour against 1.2. The British ships clearly have an advantage.

## ALMOST SLAVERY.

The deputation from the Poplar Board of Guardians that visited the Salvation Army colony at Hadleigh has come away with very bad impressions. Reporting to the guardians the deputation say that their impressions are not altogether favourable to the colony.

There is undoubtedly much to be said for their kindness in taking in the outcast and starving, but on the other hand the labour seems almost slavery. It is probably one remove better than being imurred in the workhouse, but the drawbacks are serious.

## RENAMING THE WORKHOUSE.

Called upon by the recent order of the Local Government Board to find an alternative nomenclature for their workhouse, the Uckfield Guardians showed a wide range of fanciful nomenclature.

Among their suggestions were House of Rest, Sunrise, Rules Rise, Stohe House, White House, Battle Abbey, Mount Pleasant, Hotel Metropole, and Site Ac Field.

Finally the address, "Ridgewood, Uckfield," was adopted.

## NEW RIVER COMPANY'S CLAIM.

Yesterday the Court of Arbitration appointed under the Metropolis Water Act, 1902, held a private sitting at Westminster.

The arbitrators were Sir Edward Fry (president), Sir Hugh Owen, and Sir John Wolfe Barry.

Counsel for the Water Board and the New River Company discussed with the arbitrators the form in which the award of compensation to the company should be made, and the Court then adjourned sine die.

## MINIATURE RAILWAY COMPANY.

The sixty-fourth half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the North Wales Narrow Gauge Railway Company was held in London yesterday, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. Cholmeley Russell.

The report, which was adopted, showed that the net revenue for the half-year was £107,175, 3d., or an increase of £16,175, 7d. over the corresponding period of 1903.

## CASTING CHURCH BELLS.

We published on Thursday a photograph showing the casting of some big bells at the church-bell foundry of Messrs. Mears and Stainbank.

By a mistake it was stated that these bells were for Rochester Cathedral, whereas they were being cast for Grayne Church, Kent.

## DINNER WITH A JUDGE.

The members of the Oxford Circuit will entertain Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence at a congratulatory dinner at the Café Royal, Regent-street, on Thursday, January 12, in celebration of his recent elevation to the bench.

Mr. H. D. Greene, K.C., M.P., will preside.

Among the passengers by the Lucania to-day for New York are Madame Melba, Madame Ella Russell, and the Count de Rougement.

Mr. Fred Storey, the well-known actor, has had a judgment of the Westminster County Court set aside on the ground that he never received the summons.

The Poplar Borough Council yesterday voted £24,000 for improvement of roads in the borough. The greater part of the work thus provided will be done by men at present unemployed.

## TRAINING-SHIP NOW UPRIGHT.

After lying on her beam-ends for sixteen days in the James Watt Dock, Greenock, the new Belgian training-ship was got on an even keel yesterday. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made to raise her, but in each case the tackle used failed to stand the strain.

## WORKHOUSE THRONE.

At the Lambeth Workhouse the guardians' board room has been most lavishly redecorated and upholstered.

The chairman a seat has been prepared, surrounded by a handsome canopy, forming a veritable throne, from which to administer the weekly doles to the unemployed and starving.

## LONDON'S TRAM MILEAGE.

London only possesses one mile of tramways to every 30,000 people, while Manchester has one mile to every 5,600 people.

Sheffield has one to 7,300, Liverpool one to 8,400, Leeds one to 9,500, and Birmingham and Glasgow each one mile of tram lines to 11,800 inhabitants.

## RAILWAY CAT.

On the up platform of Norbiton Station, on the London and South-Western Railway, a pet black cat is a familiar feature, receiving much attention at the hands of passengers.

She wears a label round her neck, tied with red ribbon, on which is inscribed, "Porters' Room, Norbiton Station."

## STRIKE OF SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Owing to the Essex Education Committee having placed the Epping teachers on the lower, or rural, scale of salaries, the latter have resented in a body.

They claim that it is absurd to call Epping, which is only sixteen miles from London, rural.

As other teachers cannot be obtained, the elementary schools are closed.

## DEATH OF A CHARTERHOUSE BROTHER.

The funeral from the Charterhouse of London takes place to-day of Mr. Wellington Samller, a London solicitor, in practice for nearly half a century—who died on Tuesday last in his ninety-second year.

He received nomination for the brotherhood of the Charterhouse on November 7, 1901, at the hands of Viscount Cross.

## POPLAR'S MUNICIPAL ELECTRICITY.

The great success of the Poplar borough's electric lighting installation was shown by the annual address of the mayor at the fortnightly meeting of the council.

Altogether a sum of £229,948 has been sunk in the undertaking. During the past year no fewer than a million and a half of units of current have been sold to private consumers, an increase of 52 per cent. over the previous year.

## MANCHESTER'S CLEVER FINANCE.

Manchester is now supplied with water by a second pipe from Thirlmere, which has cost £50,000, and the Thirlmere scheme, as a whole, has necessitated an outlay of £3,500,000.

This great expenditure has not entailed any addition to the rates, the revenue having been sufficient to cover the amount required each year for interest and sinking fund; and the water rate has been reduced by £35,000 a year, as compared with the water rates levied when the scheme was inaugurated.

## GOOSE LIVER PIES.

Despite the interference of the Humanitarian League there will be paté de foie gras at the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Guildhall.

The demand for this luxury, said one of the directors of Messrs. Lyons, who supply the dinner, shows no abatement.

The upper classes, who alone have acquired the taste for it, appear to enjoy it as much as ever they did, and no protest is ever uttered at the Trocadero or any other restaurant controlled by the firm.

## TRAMWAY PARCEL SERVICE.

The fact that the Newcastle Corporation trams are not paying is causing members of the council to cast round for new methods of adding to the revenue.

It is proposed to utilise the cars for the carriage of parcels, and it is being considered whether the Liverpool system of running special parcel cars, or the Glasgow system of handing parcels to any conductor, is the best.

Sentiment seems to be in favour of special vans, and it is thought tradesmen may in many cases be able to reduce the number of their delivery vans.

## WAR IN THE STREETS.

## Deadly Conflict Between Students and Troops.

Extraordinary scenes have been witnessed at Innsbruck, Austria, consequent on the opening of an Italian faculty of law at the University.

Troops were called out (says Reuter), but were received with volleys of stones. Finally, at two yesterday morning, they advanced with fixed bayonets against the German demonstrators, who were besieging and demolishing the hotels occupied by Italians.

Herr Prezzey, an artist, was killed by a bayonet thrust through the heart, and many persons were wounded. Altogether eight Germans and ten Italians were more or less seriously wounded. The town medical officer was wounded in the thigh by revolver shots.

One hundred and thirty-five students were arrested.

The building of the Italian faculty belonging to the University was completely demolished.

## THE CITY.

## Exodus of Gold—Exaggerated Rumour—Uncertainty Checks Business—Rails and Consols Dull.

CATEL COURT, Friday Evening.—The tone of the market was not so good to-day, and business was by no means brisk. Consols were depressed on talk of a considerable amount of gold—some said £500,000—leaving the Bank for the Continent, and markets all round were affected. But only £10,000 went out, and on this pleasant surprise Consols rallied at the finish. Many think it would have been better had the Bank rate been raised yesterday, for money uncertainty, like political uncertainty, is cheating business. *Trade*—Consols £8, to 87½; ditto Account £8, to 87½; Irish Land £4, to 89½; Transvaal New £1, to 96; National War Loan £4, to 97½; India Three per Cent £4, to 94½; London County Council £4, to 92½ x2.

Home Rails were dull, in sympathy with Consols. Southern passenger stocks were slightly depressed, as were Great Northern Deferred. Other changes were only very small. The "bull" account open was given by some as the reason, but money and the approach of the Settlement were also points. People seem to want to see how the traffics shape for the next few weeks. But the undertone of the market is good enough. *Rise*—City and South London £1, to 47½. *Fall*—Caledonian Def. £1, to 32½; Great Eastern £1, to 90½; Great Northern Def. £1, to 40½; Great Western £1, to 138½; Lancs. and Yorks. £1, to 106½; North-Western £1, to 132½; Midland Def. £1, to 52½; Brighton £1, to 130½; Midland £1, to 21½; Cheshire £1, to 66½; Metropolitan £1, to 92½; Midland Pref. £1, to 67½; ditto Def. £1, to 64½; North Brit. Ord. £1, to 46½; Cheshire £1, to 137½; South-Eastern £1, to 94½; ditto Def. £1, to 57½; Taff Vale £1, to 75½.

Canadian Pacifies were dull, in spite of a good traffic increase of £30,000. Mexican Rails also declined somewhat. True, they were distributed on colour. Argentine Rails were firm, with B.W. Western a good spot. Costa Rica Rails had a sharp rise to 34 on the hope of a settlement with rival interests. *Rise*—Central Uruguay £1, to 68; Brazil Central £1, to 104½; Baltimore £1, to 97½; ditto First Pref. £1, to 97½; ditto Second Pref. £1, to 92½; ditto Third Pref. £1, to 94½; Canadian Pacifics £1, to 132½ x2; Mexican Rails First Pref. £1, to 105½; ditto Second Pref. £1, to 97½. In the Foreign market, Peninsular Corporación reacted on profit from the opening of the Suez Canal, and was steady all day, while Japanese bonds were firm on the expected fall of Port Arthur. Copper descriptions were dull on Wall Street uncertainty. Parastatal of Timor had a sharp rise to 90 on the good news of a debt settlement scheme. On the whole the feeling in Paris, and on the Continental bourses generally, seemed more hopeful. *Rise*—Arg. B.A. Water £1, to 188½; Arg. Min. £1, to 79½; ditto 90½; Arg. Copper £1, to 188½; Arg. Iron £1, to 94½; Japan Four per Cent. £1, to 74½; ditto Five per Cent. £1, to 85; ditto Six per Cent. £1, to 94½; Peru Corporation Ord. £1, to 66½; ditto 67½; ditto 68½; ditto 69½; ditto 70½; ditto 71½; ditto 72½; ditto 73½; ditto 74½; ditto 75½; ditto 76½; ditto 77½; ditto 78½; ditto 79½; ditto 80½; ditto 81½; ditto 82½; ditto 83½; ditto 84½; ditto 85½; ditto 86½; ditto 87½; ditto 88½; ditto 89½; ditto 90½; ditto 91½; ditto 92½; ditto 93½; ditto 94½; ditto 95½; ditto 96½; ditto 97½; ditto 98½; ditto 99½; ditto 100½; ditto 101½; ditto 102½; ditto 103½; ditto 104½; ditto 105½; ditto 106½; ditto 107½; ditto 108½; ditto 109½; ditto 110½; ditto 111½; ditto 112½; ditto 113½; ditto 114½; ditto 115½; ditto 116½; ditto 117½; ditto 118½; ditto 119½; ditto 120½; ditto 121½; ditto 122½; ditto 123½; ditto 124½; ditto 125½; ditto 126½; ditto 127½; ditto 128½; ditto 129½; ditto 130½; ditto 131½; ditto 132½; ditto 133½; ditto 134½; ditto 135½; ditto 136½; ditto 137½; ditto 138½; ditto 139½; ditto 140½; 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GET SOME TO-DAY.

## Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

## "PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH."

THE Tsar is supposed to be a humane man. In his famous Peace Manifesto he deplored the waste of human life in war. To stop unnecessary bloodshed is, if we are to trust his own words, the wish nearest his heart. How can he square this kindly aspiration with permitting the continuance of the slaughter which has turned Port Arthur into the shambles of the world?

It has been clear for weeks past—for months even—that the fortress must fall into the hands of the Japanese. Its prolonged resistance can have no result whatever, save the sacrifice of more lives. Why does this "humane" Tsar not give the signal to surrender?

There would be no shame in accepting the inevitable now. The Russians have made a splendid fight of it. Their desperate courage has aroused the admiration of all men. Their dogged defence will shine for all time in the pages of history. But they know, and the Japanese know, and everybody knows, that they have no possible chance of holding out much longer.

War is war. You can no more have battles and sieges without massacre than you can make omelettes without breaking eggs. But there is a point in most sieges and many battles beyond which continued struggle means nothing more than a heavier death-roll. That point at Port Arthur has been reached—and passed.

If the Tsar now requires his brave troops to prolong their hopeless efforts, the world cannot help realising that his professions of humanity are merely "words, words, words."

## "THE CAT DID IT."

New terrors are constantly being added to life. Fresh responsibilities descend upon us every day. The latest blow to fall upon the heads of worried citizens is the news that they must be prepared to pay for any damage done by their cats.

A County Court Judge has decided that the owner of a cat which broke a vase must render up the value of that vase. The whole feline world is in confusion. There is talk of a demonstration in Hyde Park. A change in the British Constitution is urgently called for. We shall be lucky if we escape rioting in the streets.

It is not the cats who are aggrieved. They are, we learn, rather amused by the decision. Now, whenever "the cat's pitched into with a boot or anything that's handy" for doing something of which she is quite innocent, she has a means of revenge ready to her hand. She can go and root up the next-door garden—and her owner will have to pay!

It is the owners of cats who are in despair. "How," they ask, "can we control the animals' comings-out and goings-in? A cat is like the wind. It goeth where it listeth. Whoever heard of a cat being 'under control'?" The only thing to do, if this decision be upheld, will be to keep cats in cages like canaries. Stay! awful thought! they might emulate canaries and sing!!

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I do not think any man of modesty or thoughtfulness will ever speak contemptuously of any religion in which God has allowed one good man to die trusting.—*Rushkin*, in "The Ethics of the Dust."

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ADV CHARLES BERESFORD has just gone out to join her husband at Gibraltar. That need not mean, however, that the crisis is over, for Lady Charles is extremely fond of travel and adventure, and London is dull in November. In fact, like her husband, she rather likes a crisis. Anyhow, such a time does not distract her at all. On the night when the recent affair between ourselves and Russia looked very black indeed she was to be seen at the Opera, sitting next to M. Paul Cambon, who has played so important a part in the negotiations. Even an approaching war does not prevent her indulging her taste for music.

\* \* \*

She admires Wagner enormously, and almost always goes to Bayreuth in the summer. When she is not travelling, or in London, Lady Charles spends most of her time in her charming house on Ham Common. There she keeps poultry and

reads; or entertains her literary and theatrical friends, amongst whom she numbers Madame Melba and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

\* \* \*

Rarely is the Carlton Club so excited as it was yesterday over the news that the "Standard"—the great Free Food Union organ in London—had been acquired by the Tariff Reform League. Here, it was felt, was the culminating stroke of the fiscal reformers' efforts to capture the machinery of the Tory Party.

\* \* \*

The "Standard" was founded five-and-forty years ago. In one of the most critical vicissitudes of its career it became the property of Mr. Johnstone, an enterprising London journalist, under whose guidance it quickly leapt to fame and fortune. When its proprietor died his income is said to have been the largest but one among newspaper owners in London.

For a long time after that the sole editorial charge of the paper was entrusted to Mr. Mudford, who was always said to hold the appointment for life, with an income of £5,000 a year. The present editor is Mr. Byron Curtis. Mr. Johnstone's two sons, Captain Johnstone and Mr. Wallace Johnstone, to whom the property now belongs, are chiefly interested in sport. Yachting and horse-racing are their favourite pursuits. Both are still young men.

\* \* \*

The "Standard" has been in the market for some time past. Lately Mr. C. Arthur Pearson entered into negotiations for its purchase, and the price was fixed at £700,000. Yesterday the bargain was concluded. Mr. Chamberlain's supporter found the money, and henceforward the Tories who do not follow the tariff reform flag will be without an organ of their own. It is a triumph for Mr. Chamberlain and the worst blow the Conservative free-traders have suffered yet.

\* \* \*

There is sadness among music-lovers, for it is understood that Caruso, the one and only, is to leave London to-day for America. The rapidity with which he jumped to his present position is hardly less wonderful than his voice. In 1895 he sang in his native city (a prophet has no honour, etc.), and nobody took any notice of him. Three years after he sang in Milan, and won all Italy.

\* \* \*

But in spite of his good temper, he was an angry man the other evening. As he was leaving his hotel on the way to Covent Garden, two official-looking persons approached him, one of them brandishing a small blue paper, and both of them giving him to understand in not over-courteous fashion that they proposed to prevent him going to the opera.

\* \* \*

## ARRESTED FOR INCOME-TAX.

Interpreters having been summoned, the two men resolved themselves into Inland Revenue officials, demanding from Signor Caruso immediate payment of a sum of £128. Failing payment, they intimated that the famous tenor would pass the next twenty-four hours in a cell.

\* \* \*

The claim, it appeared on investigation, was for a sum of income tax due in 1902. Some formal notice of it had probably been sent in that year, and an occasional reminder of it may have been sent since; but Signor Caruso, who does not very easily read or understand English, has no recollection of the applications, a fact which is not surprising considering that every morning he is inundated with requests for something or other, mostly his autograph.

\* \* \*

Sir William des Vœux, one of the most experienced of British Colonial Governors, has just been writing to the papers to suggest that the garrison of Port Arthur should not be massacred when the place falls. No one, apparently, has ever suggested that it should. But Sir William's experience of how men behave under such circumstances comes, no doubt, from his life in such unpolished places as the Fiji Islands.

\* \* \*

In the Fiji Islands Sir William associated with cannibals. It is said that the cannibals were reformed, and often dined with him. The conversation at table was stimulating. Sir William's guests would compare legs of chickens with legs of men, like good connoisseurs of human flesh. Sometimes it was plain that they found their new diet insipid.

\* \* \*

## WHAT ARE "PRIVATE AFFAIRS"?

In the "Daily Mail" yesterday Mr. Robert Hichens, whose novel, "The Garden of Allah," we reviewed the other day, wrote that he "wished to protest against the idea that the public has any right to know the private affairs of any person, however interesting and important." This is certainly a delightful sentiment, but he should follow it himself. For instance, he contributes to "Who's Who," a long and interesting account of himself.

\* \* \*

He says that after leaving Clifton College he went to be a musician. One would be inclined to think that that was a "private affair." He also says that he "finally resolved to abandon music for literature," and "studied for a year at the London School of Journalism." Those who care to know, will also find it recorded in the same place that his recreations are "driving, lawn-tennis, riding, travelling," and that he is a member of the Grosvenor, the Bath, and New Vagabonds' Clubs.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Violet Hunt, whose new book will certainly go into a third edition "Sooner or Later," is not a believer in human nature. Virtue is not exactly what distinguishes her men and women. She does not view life through rose-coloured glasses, or any glasses at all; she looks straight at it. That is why so many of her books have been, as the French say, "successes of scandal."

\* \* \*

Sir Frederick Treves, who is at present engaged with others, in attending upon Mr. Balfour, is probably the best-known man in the whole medical profession. And he deserves his success. Absolutely without snobbishness or "side" cheery and firm with his patients, he quite took the fancy of the King. His bluntness and sincerity are well illustrated by the manner in which he managed the terrible illness which caused the King just at Coronation time. It is said that the King asked Sir Frederick whether he would not rather escape a job upon which so much depended. The surgeon replied, "Sir, I would gladly give ten thousand sovereigns to escape it."

## THE MODERN GUY FAWKES.



A cartoon from the "Boston Herald," giving an American view of Admiral Rojestvensky's attack on the Hull trawlers.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## General Nogi.

VERY few men have the experience of leading the attack on the same fortress, held by different nations, twice in ten years. But that is General Nogi's experience.

Ten years ago, all but a few days, Port Arthur was captured by the Japanese from the Chinese, and General Nogi was in the fore of the attack.

Now the moment for the attack has come again, he is the man who is making it.

From a Western standpoint, he is still a comparatively young man—only fifty-four—but he has seen more fighting than falls to the lot of most Generals.

And he began young, too, for he studied the art of war, as it was then known in Japan, at the age of fifteen, and graduated into the army at an age when an English boy is still at a public school.

From the very first he showed himself to be a born fighter. During the famous Satsuma rebellion he fought in almost every battle and skirmish, contriving somehow to be on the spot whenever there was any fighting to be done, and was twice seriously wounded.

Next by royal command, he came to Europe, to study his profession, but returned in time to take more of his share in the war with China.

He is literally the idol of his men. If they have to live hard in the field, he lives harder. He never thinks of himself until they are comfortable.

In appearance he is the most typical fighter of the Japanese leaders. The eyes are literally ablaze; the chin and upper lip are covered with thick but close-cropped grey beard; the nose is the nose of a European; the lips are tightly closed.

He has never been afraid in his life, and fighting is so much his very life that he looks ten years younger since he first received the news that he was to be back at his old trade of war.

## A BEAST OF THE MOMENT.

## Guy Fawkes, the Queen of the Zoo.

THIS is the only day of the year on which the giraffes do not look down upon their next-door neighbour at the Zoo, the hippopotamus.

She—for that famous personage is a lady-hippopotamus—rejoices in the name of Guy Fawkes, and thirty-two years ago to-day her birth was heralded in all the society papers. Mr. "Punch" in particular was her devoted admirer.

The last of her family—she is a dignified if not a handsome old lady, and her look of sorrowful bereavement is worthy of a prosperous undertaker. London fogs were too much for her brother and sister, and they died in infancy; but her brother's memory is perpetuated by a plaster cast, the work of Buckland, affixed to the wall of the Giraffe House.

To the ordinary mortal he looks painfully-like a drowned pig, but his inconsolable sister always insists that he was the ideal of hippopotamus.

When Guy Fawkes was still only a cheerful swallowing lump of several hundredweights and five years, her much-respected father died after delighting London for twenty-eight years. Five years later she was bereft of her mother, the beautiful and romantic "Aheila."

Since then she has not lived all alone, but none of the gay young "hippos" who have been imported to bear her company have survived. They have all departed where the good "hippos" go, and Guy Fawkes is solitary and alone in her old age.

To-morrow the giraffes will look down upon her again, for they think her a low-bred person who likes mud for its own sake, and possesses an uninterestingly strong constitution. Her short day will have passed for another year.

# THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

## BLUEJACKETS OF THE BALTIC FLEET.



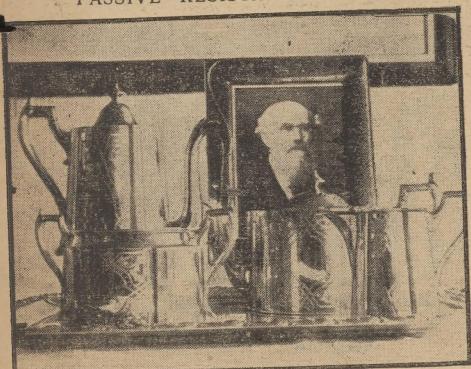
This photograph of a group of sailors of the Russian Baltic Fleet was taken at Vigo during the stay of the squadron at that port.

## HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE.



Lady Warwick's pretty little boy. He has probably taken part in more weddings as a page than any other boy living.—(Lallie Charles.)

## PASSIVE RESISTANCE: DR. CLIFFORD'S GOODS SOLD BY AUCTION.

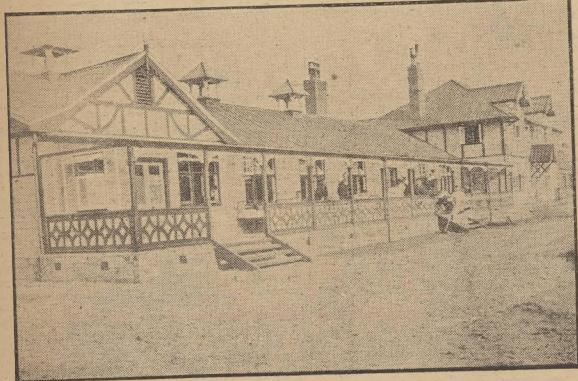


Dr. Clifford's tea and coffee pots, milk jug, and sugar basin, which were seized and sold by auction for non-payment of the Education Rate.



This cartoon of Dr. Clifford, by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the eminent cartoonist, was also disposed of with the tea service. The lot fetched £2.

## A MEMORIAL WARD AT THE NOTTS SANATORIUM.



The Notts Sanatorium for Consumption, near Mansfield, where Lady Victoria Manners will open to-day a new ward in memory of her brother, Lord Edward Manners.

## A POPULAR MAYOR.



Mr. William Morgan, who, for the third year, has been chosen as Mayor of Scarborough.

## THE MOST STRIKING



Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in a portrait of Mr. Sutro appears in the top

## THE ANNIVERSARY



Gately's rooms situated over this old gateway at the entrance to the Manor House, Ashby St. Ledgers. In these rooms that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot held their meetings.

## PLAY OF THE HOUR.



Alfred Sutro's new piece at the Garrick Theatre. A portion.—(Ellis and Walery, and Elliott and Fry.)

## THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.



The Old Red Hall, at Bourne, Lincolnshire, where Guy Fawkes and the conspirators hatched the plot to blow up the House of Commons.

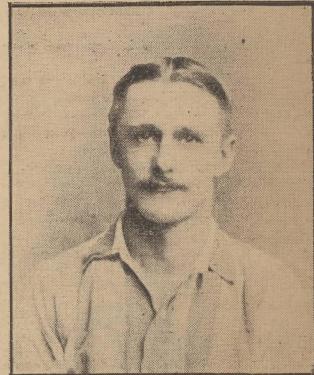
## PHOTOGRAPHS OF To-DAYS NEWS

## FOOTBALL PLAYERS IN TRAINING.



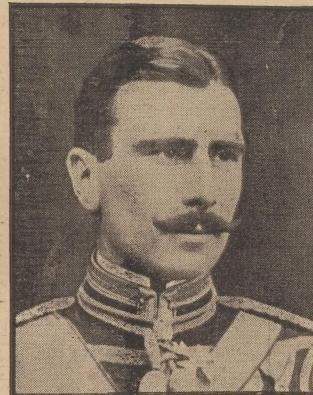
Messrs. Cotton, Carrick, Jarvis, and Hamilton, of the West Ham football team, about to start for a sprint in training for the season.

## A PROMISING AMATEUR.



F. H. Milnes, the Sheffield United amateur back, who is playing for West Ham occasionally this season.

## UNVEILING A MEMORIAL.



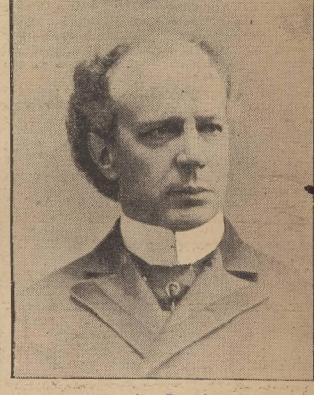
H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck, who unveils a window in memory of the late Duchess of Teck at Kingston to-day.—(Thomson.)

## LORD MAYOR'S LIVERY.



The green Lyons velvet embroidered coat which the new Lord Mayor's coachman will wear in the procession on Wednesday next.

## THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada. Although the full results of the elections have not yet been decided, sufficient returns are to hand to show that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government will remain in power.

## THE WORLD'S SMALLEST HORSE.



The little horse, which appears to be only an animated toy, is barely 2ft. high. It is fully grown, and runs well in harness. It is the favourite of all the children, who delight to play with it, and seem to regard it the same as they would a large dog.

## MESSENGER BOY GUIDES IN LONDON.



The experiment of having District Messenger boys on the arrival platforms at King's Cross, where they can be hired to act as guides through any part of London, has proved so successful that messenger boys are being stationed at all the termini in the metropolis. Here you see one, who had met a passenger at Charing Cross Station, piloting him to his destination.

## OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

## FOR "SALE" READ "SAIL."

"Look here, Martin! I want you to be very careful about these things."

"Right, sir! I'll see to it they come to no harm."

The things in question consisted of a gun case, a girl's portrait mounted in a costly jewelled frame, and an Indian scarf. A tall, fair-haired, bronzed man stood beside the table, sorrowfully regarding the partially-denuded cabin.

This was Jack Villiers, the Athenian's owner.

"And, Martin," he added, "when you have put her in her berth, come up to see me. I am paying all hands off. The Athenian will be sold."

"Sorry to hear that, sir!"

"Needs must when the devil drives! But I should like just one last spin." It is a lovely day—I think I must go. What do you say, Martin?"

"All ready, sir," said the skipper, "an' wishin' it may not be the last, as you, sir, seem to think."

"Think? Man, don't I tell you she's for sale?"

Villiers ascended the companion, and, seating himself in a deck chair, gazed thoughtfully across at the distant shipping. Suddenly a loud cry echoed across the basin.

"Athenian, ahoy!"

"Hallo!"

"Send yer boat ashore, sir. There's some ladies wantin' to come aboard!"

"Ladies," cried Villiers, as he rose from the lounge. "Give me the binoculars, Martin."

"Gad," he continued, under his breath, after a few minutes' hesitation. "It is Ethel and Miss Tudway. Now, how on earth did they know?"

Then, turning to the skipper, who stood silently waiting instructions, he added: "Yes, send the boat. No, go yourself. Don't tell them we are going for a run. I want to go alone."

Arrived at the pier head, the skipper ascended the steps, stood can in hand speaking some minutes to the ladies, then turned and brought them safely to the yacht's gangway.

"This is too good of you," said Villiers. "And you, too, Miss Tudway. Here are your old cosy chairs—do you remember them? Now we can have a comfort."

"Oh, but one can't talk in this stuffy basin," cried Miss Boscowen. "Wait until we are outside."

"But—we are not going out to-day. The tide is all wrong."

"Oh, I never allow the tide to interfere with my plans."

"I have no option. You see, the skipper regulates affairs."

"Does he? Then do send for him."

Villiers stood silent for a moment, then beckoned the skipper to him.

"It is quite impossible to get out at this state of the tide, Martin, is it not?"

"No, no," cried Ethel, with a laugh. "Let me ask Captain Martin—in my own way. Please!"

Villiers looked into her laughing eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and gave permission.

"Thank you! Now, Captain, when can we go?"

"Whenever I have orders, miss."

"There!" she cried, triumphantly turning to his master. "Now give the orders he requires."

There was a dead silence for a moment. Then Villiers said:

"Well, where shall it be?"

"Down river, please—out towards the sea."

"You have your orders, Martin," said Villiers.

"Get away as soon as possible."

"You see," he continued, "we are hardly in trim for receiving ladies, and as for lunch—I don't fancy there is a scrap on board. I intended roughing it just for the pleasure of a final run."

"Then you were going," she said quickly.

"Well—that is—"

"You used to be glad to see me!" she returned, with a quick glance from her beautiful eyes.

"You make it very hard for me," he whispered, in reply. Then, as some of the crew came to loose the mizzen: "Presently I will tell you why it is all so difficult."

\*\*\*\*\*

Half an hour later the Athenian was flashing down stream with the easy grace of a bird.

Aft, beside the skipper, sat Miss Tudway, intent on learning "tactics." Miss Boscowen and Villiers were amiship.

Neither had spoken since leaving the pier-head. Both had been occupied with their own thoughts. Now the man broke silence.

"You said just now that I used to be glad to see you."

"Don't you think some little explanation is due?"

"Don't judge me too harshly, Ethel."

"Aren't you taking things too seriously, Jack?"

"I hardly know. Let me tell you. At the beginning of the season I was the father's heir, owner of the Athenian, and a nice little place in Surrey. Now I am owner of nothing, heir to nothing, and worth perhaps as many hundreds as before I was worth thousands. A bit of a come-down, isn't it?"

"Poor old colonel," said Ethel, with a sigh.

"We were so sorry when—"

"I did not know you had heard," he returned grimly. "Then I need not beat about the bush. Well, this is my last cruise in the Athenian. She's for sale."

"Oh, do you think that will be necessary?" she whispered, bending forward to hide her reddening cheeks.

"One cannot live on air."

"I grant that. But is it quite fair?"

"Fair?" he questioned. "Was it fair that a lawyer chap should drag us into poverty? Was it fair that he should take advantage of the poor old governor without a word to me? Investments! Company promoting! He has feathered his own nest—and we are ruined."

"I don't think," she returned, "that we are looking at it from the same point of view. I was thinking of your friends—how sorry they will be to lose you."

"My friends won't mind."

"Don't you think—they will? I should be sorry to think that of my friends."

"With you it is different. You are young and beautiful. The most beautiful woman in the world! One could never forget you."

"Thanks," she whispered, nervously tracing pictures on the deck with the point of her stick. "And yet—I don't seem to have made much impression on—Mr. Villiers."

"Ethel!" he cried, in a passionate undertone. "You don't think that? You know I can never forget. Dear! don't misjudge me. You know I love you—that it is this infernal business only that has kept me from telling you so."

"But why?" she questioned, with entreatying eyes; "why go away?"

"How can I stay? I am a pauper, Ethel."

"You aren't. Besides—I am horribly rich—and what is the use of money to a girl?"

"Don't, Ethel—don't tempt me!"

"You shall stay!" she whispered. "For, although you asked me most horribly—I forgive you—and yes—I do love you, Jack. How can I help it?"

\*\*\*\*\*

A golden sunset was tinging the western sky when the Athenian drew silently through the crowded reach, seeking her nightly anchorage.

The breeze had fallen gradually, and now only held in sufficient force to drag them slowly to their anchorage. The world was falling asleep, tired with the splendour of the blazing sunshine. The river was drowsy, too, until a noisy tug crashed out of the shadows, churning the water with sudden energy.

Suddenly there came a voice out of the darkness.

"Well, you two," it said, "I think you are extremely rude, setting me to play gooseberry in such a very poor manner. What Martin will think I am afraid I cannot guess."

"I don't think he minded, dear, if you didn't," said another voice. "Beside, presently he will get some compensating news."

"Some news, Ethel?"

"Yes," said a third voice—a deep one this time. "The fact is the Athenian is not for sale, after all. We have arranged to run her in double harness."

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## THE BRADLEY-MARTIN WEDDING.

As a Scotsman I have read with great interest your account of the extraordinary marriage at Castle Beaumont, and am delighted at your comment.

As there seems to be no Scottish strain about either contracting party it puzzles me as to what unfortunate clan tartan was worn upon this auspicious occasion.

Was the right to wear the Fraser tartan "thrown in" as an extra with the use of Lovat's Castle? Newcastle-on-Tyne. "GRIP FAST."

It was quite refreshing to read your leader condemning the ostentatious extravagance of a recent marriage. I am glad we have a paper that will condemn this wicked waste.

Our clergy are not so fearless. I wish the Archdeacon who performed the ceremony had spoken in such words as yours. He must know of the immense amount of want now prevalent all over the country.

CROYDON.

## FADDY FANATICISM.

I do not agree with you that a music-hall is in the same position as a theatre with regard to a liquor licence. In a theatre people never leave their seats, except between the acts, as they would miss some part of the play. In a performance which consists of a series of "turns," for certain of which some might not care, it is very likely that the audience would be greatly disturbed through some frequently visiting the bar.

In my opinion the "faddy fanaticism" of the London County Council has done much to raise the moral tone of our music-halls, the result being that many people who would never go some years back now visit these variety theatres. F. W. UNWIN.

## IS COURTESY DEAD?

Courtesy is not dead, but dying.

The upper classes have borrowed their manners, like their money, from the nouveaux riches, and universal courtesy is the result.

Courteous treatment is nowadays only to be found among the very poor and in the country, where men and women still seem to remember that "Manners maketh man." T. R. H. WELWYN, Hertfordshire.

## BOOTBLACKS FOR WOMEN.

I read with interest the letter on this subject. It is a unique idea.

Being on a visit from America during these last few days I have felt the need of such a valuable addition to the public comfort. We have also no such convenience in my own country either.

I am glad to see my English cousins making a step in the right direction, and trust that the matter may be put through before this wet season terminates.

AMERICAN COUSIN.

Guildford-street, Russell-square.

## A DAN LENO STATUE.

May I second the suggestion of a statue in memory of the "King's Jester."

Should a subscription be started, I should have great pleasure in forwarding my donation.

UNO S. WATTS.

Saltram-crescent, Maida Hill, W.

## A LITTLE SERMON.

By the Rev. J. H. JOWETT, of Carr's Lane, Birmingham.

## "LET ME REST AWHILE."

What can we do for tired people? There is a good deal of weariness which can be removed by the weary one having a change. I remember Mr. Gladstone saying, in a speech which he made many years ago, that in the old stage-coach days there were two roads went out of London, each extending to about thirty miles. One of the roads was uniformly level, the other was of a varied character, now climbing, now descending, now proceeding on the level plain.

So they hired an enormous and seldom-visited vault, which stretched under the old Parliament.

The King was to open Parliament in person, surrounded by all the nobility. It was a splendid chance. Guido rolled barrel after barrel of gunpowder into the vault, and the night before Parliament met he lit a dark lantern, and sat amongst the barrels to wait.

Little did he think he had been betrayed. In spite of being very Spanish and suspicious-looking, he might have managed to carry out his dastardly intent if a certain Roman Catholic nobleman had not received a mysterious letter, telling him not to attend Parliament on the 5th.

The warning came from a relative of his, who was amongst the conspirators. He showed it about. Its meaning was soon guessed. The vaults were searched, and Guido was discovered. He was hung, drawn, and quartered. And now his effigy is dragged about in wicker chairs by street boys who know nothing of him but his name.

## NOAH'S ARK IN DENMARK.

A Danish naval architect has made a new Noah's Ark on the model of the original so far as he can discover what the original was like.

The vessel sailed so well in Copenhagen they are thinking of reverting to the Ark type for ordinary purposes. Why does not the London County Council take the hint and build their new river steamboats upon Noah's plan?

He sees the sunshine and the glare are wearying us, and in order to rest us he leads us into a valley of shadows. The darkness is often God's resting-place for us. We often call it the place of trial; what if its real name is the resting-place of God? "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

## CHEAP OPERA.

"Daily Mail" Takes Covent Garden for One Night as an Experiment.

Next Thursday evening the programme at Covent Garden Opera House ought to be headed:—

LESSEE and MANAGER—The "Daily Mail."

For that evening the theatre has been handed over to the "Daily Mail," which will make an experiment with moderate prices. If it succeeds—but there is no "if" in the matter. It has already succeeded. Yesterday the demand for seats began very early in the morning, and by mid-day the house was sold out. Now it is impossible to get a seat. "We could have sold out anything over and over again," said the box-office manager. "The country orders we simply could not deal with at all." The opera is to be "Faust."

This shows beyond a doubt that there is a public, and a very large public, for opera if only it can be had at reasonable charges. The "Daily Mail" has proved it. Now it only remains for someone to act upon the evidence.

A newspaper cannot be expected to run a theatre permanently. That is the business of the theatrical experts. They have always said hitherto that cheap opera, such as can be enjoyed almost everywhere upon the Continent, would not pay. They have been shown what a mistake they made. Let them now retrieve their reputations for enterprise and activity of mind.

## SOMETHING NEW IN PLAYS.

Mr. George Edwards has announced that the next new piece at Daly's Theatre (which is not to be expected yet, however) will be of quite a different character from "The Cingalese" and other plays of the "musical comedy" order.

He thinks the public is tired of the go-as-you-please performance, and wants a connected story like that of "Veronica," or "The Duchess of Dantzig," with charming music all specially written to fit that story. And what Mr. Edwards thinks about theatrical things is generally right.

Visitor: Have you lived all your life here, little man?

Little Man: Noa, not yet.—"Sketch."

## ITALIANS INDIGNANT

Because Italy Is Being Drained of So Many Famous Works of Art.

With his usual generosity Mr. Pierpont Morgan has presented to the Italian Government the famous medieval cope which he bought, quite unaware that it had been stolen from the little town of Ascoli. The splendid example of fine needlework will now doubtless be returned to its old home.

Italians complain that unfortunately there are many works of art constantly leaving Italy which never get back. There is a law against taking them out of the country, but even under the eyes of Government (or when the Government chooses to close its eyes) pictures, statues, holy water basins, Della Robbia ware, all sorts of beautiful things, are being bought up by rich foreigners. Italians go to London or Paris, and are astonished to find their native art, looking very home-sick, in the drawing-rooms of rich foreigners.

If you are walking in Italy, and ask to go over any likely-looking villa, you will certainly see something you fancy. Ask the servant to sell it to you. Very likely he will. His master is poor, and he is poorer. No Government can really prevent the poor from selling to the rich.

However, if Italian nobles cannot keep their things, it is their own fault—they like motor-cars better than Madonnas.

## IN THE GARDEN.

The flower beds, the lawn, and the paths all are thick with leaves.

The gardener finds it impossible to cope with the incessant heavy showers of them. Day by day, hour by hour, his broom plies here, there, and everywhere, but he can never succeed in sweeping really clear.

What should be done with leaves? Keep them to help on next year's flowers. Many people burn them, but this practice is certainly not suited to town gardens.

The white acidic smoke which the pyre gives forth helps to spread disease, coats the houses hard by with soot, annoys passers-by, and often frightens horses. In fact, the burning of leaves in towns has become a public nuisance.

Leaves make the best loan possible for conservatory plants. City dwellers who take an interest in their gardens should bear this in mind, and put by to rot all they can obtain.

Our New Serial.

You Can Begin this Story To-day.

# THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

## THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

A dinner-party at Lady Gascoyne's. She is brilliant, young, and attractive. By her side sits Dick Deverill. Gertrude Gascoyne, her sister-in-law, is jealous; she suspects her of alienating Deverill's affections.

At the other end of the table is Sir Alanson Gascoyne, Judge of the High Court, much his wife's senior. The Judge's face at times bears the impress of trouble and suspicion.

Dinner over, Lady Gascoyne goes out to the theatre with Deverill. An hour later the news arrives that the theatre Lady Gascoyne said she was going to is on fire. In a frenzy the Judge flies out into the night.

Hugh and Gertrude are left alone, and after two hours of misery they are surprised to see Lady Gascoyne come in. She is not aware of the fire, and evidently has not been to the theatre at all.

Her husband returns in a frenzy of horror at the sights he has witnessed, and hysterically clasps to his heart his beloved wife, whom he never expected to see again. She quite unaware of the reason for this emotion, nevertheless understands that something has happened as an outcome of her "accident."

Getting her husband away from the others she cleverly finds out her supposed escape, and tells him an elaborate lie, which has to be lived up to by several people. The stern Judge is deceived.

Other characters, Beeton, Skerrett, and an adventurer, Compton, are scheming trouble for a great financier named Brassier, in which Deverill will be implicated.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Mauve Envelope.

"Good-morning, Skerrett," cried Mr. Brassier blithely to his secretary. He hummed a catchy tune from the latest musical comedy as he walked jauntily to his highly polished satinwood desk, and took his seat in a modern Chippendale chair, beautifully made, exquisite of outline.

Mr. Brassier, whistling now, flipped the letters one by one aside with his forefinger. Skerrett had opened those which were evidently connected with business matters. He watched, with unconscious curiosity, his employer's action; for Mr. Brassier had turned the sealed letters face downward. He was looking for an envelope on the flap of which should be embossed a crest or coronet. He did not know that Lady Chetnole avoided using these as far as she possibly could. Not finding what he sought, Mr. Brassier picked up a mauve envelope, which was decorated with a small, white, circle inside of which was the letter "C." He ran his eye over the note inside, began to whistle still more jubilantly, if that were possible, and then directed Skerrett to call up Whalley, Singe, and Whalley on the telephone.

"I was one of the older partners to come down here to-day," he cried gaily, as he went on opening his private letters with a beautifully-chased old Italian silver paper-cutter.

"Have you written to them, Mr. Brassier?" asked his private secretary.

"No; don't know them at all."

"Such a message," said Mr. Skerrett, "would jar such a heavily-respectable old firm as this out of their seats. Each partner of that firm, Mr. Brassier, writes his letters to his own clients with his own hand, and dries the ink with the pounebox that his grandfather used. A press copy-book, or a piece of blotting-paper, or a steel pen has never been seen in those offices; their traditions are well known."

Mr. Brassier laughed.

"Just the sort I want. Put me through to them," Mr. Brassier said a ponderous bass voice, charged with dignity, as he spoke over the telephone to this old firm of solicitors. He wished immediate advice, he said, about large matters connected with landed estates. He was unfortunately somewhat indisposed, would it be possible for one of the more experienced principals to come to him now at his office in Gracechurch-street?

"Hold the wire," he said, handing the receiver over to Skerrett; "they've asked me to wait. They will take counsel's opinion perhaps as to whether their dignity will let them come to a prospective new client, who may pay them thousands."

He laughed and went on examining his letters. These finished, he re-read the first note.

"Are you by chance free to-night?" wrote Lady Chetnole. "Chetnole has some stupid public function on, and Miss Gascoyne and I will be condemned to a lonely dinner here at eight if you do not take pity on us."

Mr. Brassier smiled at the elusive, graceful way in which her ladyship intimated to him that he was in the running for Gertrude Gascoyne. He felt as he scanned that note for the tenth time that it was the happiest moment of his life.

"Thanks, good-bye," Skerrett laid down the receiver as he spoke.

"Mr. Ogleby Whalley has dispatched a mes-

senger for his brougham," continued Skerrett, mimicking the ponderous voice which had come over the wire to him. "A compliment, sir, I can tell you, for a Whalley to come to you!"

"I hate their musty old offices; they give me the blues," returned Brassier, laughing. "Whenever I go to an old-fashioned firm like that I look up and down the dusty cases of lettered law boxes. I always think I can see my own name on one—Brassier—deceased." Ugh! I'd just as soon do business in a crypt."

Skerrett started and cast down his eyes at these words, which recalled vividly some words of Somerton. This man had been at him day and night since that evening, nearly a fortnight ago, when Somerton had broached his remarkable idea, so ingenious, so daring, so criminal—yet so simple. The idea was familiar to the private secretary now. He knew it in all its details. He had been convinced that it could be carried out with comparatively little risk. Relentless, persistent pressure had been brought to bear upon him by Somerton. He would have been hopelessly ruined already if he had not yielded assent to the other's demands. Elton, the money-lender—who knew nothing of the scheme, but was guided in his actions by Somerton towards such debtors as had come through the latter—would have issued a writ. Brassier would immediately have known that his secretary was in difficulties. There would have been a prompt audit of his accounts. He would have been discovered as a defaulter.

"You can do one of three things," Somerton had said, with a shrug of the shoulders, "you go to prison like a little lamb. You can play the baby; act, and go whining to Brassier with a confession—and go to prison all the same; you know the man. Or, you can work with me and make the man come whining to you, on his return from his little expedition into the heart of South America."

Skerrett had chosen the last-named course. His first step had been to bring his employer and the old botanist together. He had been thus far successful, in that Brassier had been profoundly interested. Mr. Tourtlotte, happy in obliging any body whom he had met at Judge Gascoyne's house, had told Skerrett and Mr. Brassier all that he knew. He had drawn a rough map of the district, had shown exactly where the onyx marble lay, had given detailed directions as to how it should be reached, both by way of Peru, over the Andes, and also by ascending the Amazon from the Brazilian side.

His correspondence finished, Brassier saw one by one the dozen men waiting for him in various ante-rooms to his large suite of offices, then turned and looked at his secretary.

Nothing but Brassier knew why Skerrett was his secretary. The secret was (so at least Brassier sometimes said to himself) that the young man matched the furniture; to this extent, at least, that he looked bright and cheerful and wholesome. His face was round as Brassier's own, and his skin until lately had been nearly as clear. Brassier wished everybody who came in personal touch with him to be young, bright, optimistic. Skerrett had the good humour of an overgrown boy.

"That onyx is off," he said suddenly. Skerrett was relieved. If he could once convince Somerton that Brassier declined to take it up there would be no motive for ruining him.

"To tell you the truth," continued the financier, "the note that was in that envelope has decided me." He laughed gaily as he spoke. "My refusal has nothing to do with the excellence of the business; it may be a splendid thing. You can try if you like and place it elsewhere. Perhaps you could get some plunder out of it in the way of a commission."

"It isn't far enough along to introduce to London," answered Skerrett.

"No, that's the trouble. Some fellow's got to go out there and spend his own money. It wants a good engineer's report, and a firm option from the owner, if there is an owner. Yes, you'll have great difficulties, I don't know as it's really worth your bothering about. Still, onyx marble is in the air. Do as you like about it. There's so little doing in the market now that I am going to close up everything, I've made up my mind to it."

Brassier's bright eyes fell on the mauve envelope again, and he smiled as though to say that the note which had been inside was responsible also for this determination. The optimistic Mr. Brassier, in fact, had not now the slightest doubt about the outcome of his suit. Gertrude Gascoyne understood that he wished to marry her. She had practically sent him word that he might hope for an affirmative answer. He regarded the matter as settled. With characteristic promptness he resolved to retire from business.

"The financial market," he said to Skerrett, "looks so unpromising that I cannot see much hope of active business for some time to come. Every thing combines to make this a favourable moment for me to cut and run."

"Retirement?" exclaimed Skerrett, incredulously; and the expression on his face became one of deep concern.

Skerrett turned pale. This foreshadowed, of course, an immediate audit of books, inspection of securities, and balancing of the three bank accounts. He saw discovery and ruin stalking swiftly

towards him. His agitation was, of course, attributed by Brassier to the loss of his position.

A clerk entered the room at that moment, and laid before Mr. Brassier a folded paper. That was the way in which the names of callers were always brought in in that well-regulated office.

"Show him in," said Brassier, as he opened the paper. "Mr. Skerrett, telephone to Hawkins and Landers, and tell them that I want them to begin auditing my accounts to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir," said Skerrett, as he scrambled hendiably out of his seat, feeling that this last instruction was a sentence to prison.

"Mr. Whalley?" said the financier, as that precise and deliberate little gentleman was ushered in.

"Mr. Brassier?" answered the precise and deliberate little gentleman, in a precise voice, as he made a deliberate bow.

"It is not our practice—" began Mr. Whalley.

"Quite so, I am aware of it," interrupted the financier. "You graciously made an exception for one who cannot come to you. It is kind."

Then, as usual, he plunged into the middle of things.

"I may marry," he began abruptly. Then he checked himself with a chuckle, and made humorous effort to speak in the language of his new legal adviser. "It is possible," he corrected himself, "that I may contract a marital alliance with a lady of excellent family, connected by ties of blood and association with some of our best families. I ask a hint from you as to settlements."

He paused as though for a reply. Mr. Ogleby Whalley was a grandson of the oldest member of the firm still alive. He was more cautious than his elders in answering any questions. He had to guard against the impulsiveness natural to his thirty years.

"I have large sums which can easily be made available," Mr. Brassier continued. "Nothing that you can suggest will be thought extravagant by me. You have had great experience in marriage and family settlements. In the near future I shall no doubt be approaching the relatives of the young lady. I wish to strike the golden mean, I fear above all things to be thought ostentatious. I am not a widower—these things are new to me. What sum should I say that I am prepared to settle upon my future wife—and what is the best manner in which the settlement should be effected?"

"To advise you properly," answered Mr. Ogleby Whalley, "I should know what the young lady brings to you."

"Don't know anything about it," answered Brassier abruptly, "and don't care. She brings me herself—that's all I ask." She may have a few hundred a year, perhaps."

"You could with propriety," said the sententious Mr. Whalley, "suggest a larger sum if the lady, for instance, were the daughter of a peer."

"She is not. She belongs to one of the old county families, whose members in the past have refused pecuniary. They consider that the name which has come down to them unslid through centuries imports a higher dignity than a peerage would do."

"I understand. Such families are the backbone of our social life. They have not needed display to enforce or retain their honoured positions. Usually free from extravagance, they are free from debt. They are not mercenary. Five hundred or a thousand a year might, in many cases, be thought ample."

"Good Lord," cried the astonished Brassier, startled out of the dignity which he was making desperate, laughing efforts to maintain, "I was wondering if ten thousand a year would be thought parsimonious."

"Such a sum," answered the solicitor, calmly, "appears to me at first sight to savour of ostentatiousness. Might it not also suggest to a censorious world that the pecuniary considerations might have had considerable weight with the lady?"

Brassier threw back his head and laughed.

"They'll say it anyhow," he said. "We'll compromise on five thousand. Would you mind sending me a rough draft of a trust deed. I'll give you particulars later. The deed will have to be so drawn that I can still be in the saddle. Power, Mr. Whalley, should never be surrendered. I do not care how much I put aside. I do care very much about the way I set it aside."

A touch that, superbly characteristic of Brassier. He loved Gertrude Gascoyne. He would have liked to heap prodigal sums in front of her; but he wished so to keep them that he could still be master.

Mr. Ogleby Whalley made some notes. "The second point," continued Mr. Brassier. "Kindly get me half-a-dozen estates to choose from. I do not care to exceed twenty thousand acres. I am keen on avoiding display—an old castle, for choice, I—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk. He looked up in frowning rebuke at this infraction of rules.

"The lady said you would see her, sir," murmured the clerk in deprecation. "She cannot wait long, she says. She insisted, sir."

Brassier tore open the envelope which the clerk had handed to him, and found therein only a slip of paper bearing a name, written by a hand to which a pen was strange.

"Jane Brown?" said Brassier aloud. "Don't know her."

"She says you do, sir. She looks a respectable person,"

"Oh, a person? Ah, I remember now. I will see her in a few minutes."

Brassier was greatly annoyed at this interruption. He was a superstitious man. At this bright moment in his career he was vexed that a ghost from his distant past should suddenly rise up, and confront him. What could Jane Brown want?

(To be continued on Monday.)

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## SHOULD THE WHIMS OF SICK PERSONS BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED?

## INVALIDS' FANCIES.

## PAY ATTENTION TO THEM, SAYS A NURSE.

Of course, invalids are fanciful, but sometimes their very fancies, so called, are self-defensive inspirations. It has been noted how quickly Lady Curzon began to recover after she was removed from Walmer Castle to the adjacent house in which she now lies. She was very ill, indeed, when the move was made, so ill that the risk in itself was in all probability grave.

Yet she not only survived the change, but profited by it. And since that time it has been found that effluvia from an unsuspected drain source was contaminating the atmosphere of the room in which she lay, and that it doubtless was the cause of some of her sufferings.

It would be foolish to give way to all the persistent whims of sick people, though they should always be patiently considered; but there are many that are, as I have said already, inspirations, that repay the attention given to them. These apply frequently to their food, and to their medicine as well. I fancy most nurses will agree with me when I say that the apparently simple remedy of

and serve too little rather than too much, with the understanding that an abundance can be had. A little food is always a challenge to the appetite for more, and if it be served with absolute cleanliness the patient, who is so much influenced by possible contamination, will not suffer from its consequences.

A variety of food for different meals is far more essential to the appetite of the sick than the well, and great pains should be taken that food designed to be served hot should be hot, and cold food cold. It will not be good for them half hot and half cold. Never leave any article of food or any beverage in the sick room, for it will destroy the appetite. All remnants of the food should be burned, and the practice of allowing children to eat sick-room dainties should be discouraged, for the deleterious, sometimes poisonous, atmosphere of the sick room, well cared for though it may be, will contaminate the food on the tray.

Realising that in the foregoing fancies touch solidly good and hygienic reasons, let us consider a very common item of quarrel between patients and nurses.

I have found that milk is the article of diet that causes the greatest amount of difficulty to the average sick person, and that is no wonder, since milk should be given with every precaution if good results are to follow.

Many patients, when ordered milk diet, declare that they cannot endure it, that milk always makes



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serving an invalid's meals prettily and daintily makes all the difference in the world to the appetite with which they are consumed.

Food should be served at regular intervals, and simplicity should reign supreme at all times. A patient should never be consulted as to his menu, but his wants should be anticipated if it is possible. Let the food and its arrangement be a surprise,

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is simply good wheat  
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them ill, and that it produces headache. The very taste of milk is abhorrent to one sick. This objection can always be overcome, and by a little perseverance there are few people who cannot digest a more or less exclusive milk diet for a few days or weeks if the milk is properly given. The objections the patients make mean that they instinctively realise the difficulties that are present.

When a milk diet is necessary, as it is so often in fever cases, the patient should begin with a teaspoonful or two at a time, repeating the dose once in ten or fifteen minutes. If the milk is taken slowly into the stomach and mingled on the way with saliva, like any other food which is eaten rather than drunk, it is impossible to form the curds that result when it is poured down by the tumblerful. Milk should always be regarded as food, and not as drink.

Sometimes patients dislike the taste of raw milk or tire of it. This may be easily overcome by flavouring it in a variety of ways. A few teaspoonfuls of black coffee is one of the best means at hand, or weak tea may be preferred. Caramel or ginger are other excellent flavouring substances. Some patients are allowed to take a little chocolate or cocoa infusion with their glass of milk. Others

In Yorkshire and thereabouts an excellent gingerbread cake is made and eaten on Guy Fawke's Day. As this festival occurs to-day, the recipe here given is very seasonable.

INGREDIENTS.—1lb. golden syrup, 1lb. butter, 1lb. fine oatmeal mixed with two teaspoonsful of baking powder, 1lb. raw sugar, 2oz. caraway seeds, 2oz. finely-preserved candied peel, a wine-glassful of brandy.

Melt the syrup and butter together over the fire, add the brandy, and, when melted, remove the pan from the fire and stir gradually in the oatmeal, caraway seeds, and peel. Mix thoroughly; add the brandy, and pour the mixture into a well-buttered tin about two inches deep. Bake in a moderately hot oven. The parkin should be crisp, but not too hard.



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prefer the addition of common salt, or even a little black pepper.

Cases might easily be multiplied in which the apparently unreasonable disuse taken by sick persons to their surroundings and their diet, and to the way in which their food is served, may be translated into the instinct of self-preservation.







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